A PROPHESIE of Cadwallader, laſt King *of the Britaines*:

Containing a Compariſon of the Engliſh Kings, with many worthy Romanes, from *William Ruſus*, till *Henry* the fift.

Henry *the fift, his life and death.*

Foure Battels betweene the two Houſes of *Yorke* and *Lancaſter.*

The Field of *Banbery.*

The loſſe of *Elizabeth.*

The praiſe of King Iames.

And laſtly a Poeme to the yong *Prince.*

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Roger Iackſon, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop in Fleetſtreete, ouer againſt the Conduit. 1604.

LONDON

Printed by Thomas Creede, for Roger Ludion, and are to be sold at his shop in Fleetstreete, over against the Conduit. 1600.

TO THE NO LESSE VERtuous then Honourable Gentleman Syr *Philip Herbert*, Knight of the *most noble order of the Bathe.*

RIght worthy Sir, the honor which I beare,
And euer will vnto your worthy line,
Makes me presume (presumption cannot feare)
To tender you this litle Booke of mine:
Whose substance if your honor will approue,
My lines shall limits want, so doth my loue.

That man of men whose fatall name you beare, *S. P. S.*
Of his vnnumbred worthes the chiefe were these:
Three glorious wreathes vpō his brow to weare,
Which said he, loued learning, warre, and peace.
O æmulate this man the sonne of Fame, *Baye.*
Haue all his vertues, though but halfe his name. *Olive, and Oake.*

Pursue thy first designments (noble Knight)
Affect thy Country, and admire thy King:

The Epiſtle Dedicatorie.

Be as thou art, ſincere in all mens ſight,
Do this, and I thy praiſe will euer ſing.
I ſmoothe not I, nor do I hope for gaine,
Accept my loue, and ſo requite my paine.

The admirer of your vertues, whoſe life is deuoted to your loue.

William Harbert.

THE AVTHOR TO HIS Poeme.

TRace the wide ſtage of ſpight and proud diſdaine,
And mount the ſteps of ſcornefull ennies ſtaire,
Imperfect embrion of an idle braine,
Soare not aloft, vſe meane, do not deſpaire,
The beſt way is betweene the ſea and ayre:
Be like thy ſelfe, be neither proud nor baſe,
One enuy gets, the other gaynes diſgrace.

Be not too huge in ſhew, in ſtrength a childe,
Theſe imatериall Epithites eſchew,
Be to the ſcornfull proud, the humble milde,
Put not thy cenſure to an open view,
Speech enuy oft, but Silence neuer knew.
When thou ſeeſt good then prayſe, when bad be blinde,
Then wit will beare with thee, and fooles be kinde.

To

To the Reader.

Which in silence nest so many dayes
Smoothered the flight of my vnfeathered quill,
Because I knew it could not merit prayse,
Here where the Muses sang and shewd their skill,
For this did seeme to be Parnassus *hill:*
But this amaz'd my minde, and griev'd mine eye
To see the Buzards *with the* Eagles *flye.*

To see a troupe of Souldiers neuer tride,
Besiege a fort by nature fenc'd on high,
I was asham'd to see the heires of pride,
Debase in vnexperienc'd Poetry,
The immortall vertues of great Maiestie,
These are they that do the Muses staine,
One wanton pen makes all be iudged vaine.

I which securely on these errours gaz'd,
And safely stood vpon the silent shore,
When others Ships by enuies rockes were craz'd,
Loue me constrain'd, as pride did them before,
To trust the rockes and leaue the silent shore:
The loue of friends, not prayse did me perswade,
Against my will, against the streames to wade.

Therefore to you whose iudgement is sincere,
If any fault, as many faults there be,
Seeme harsh and iarring to a tuned eare,
Impute the blame to those, and not to me,
Who made my pen shew his infirmitie:
If any good as small there is you see,
Reape you the profit, yeeld but thankes to me.

A PROPHESIE OF

Cadwallader, last King of *the Britaines.*

Description of Fortune.

SItting with *Clio* by the gliding *Thame*,
Neere to her siluer girt the verdant strand,
I saw *Rhamnusis* so adornd by fame:
Dauncing in measures, on the farther sand,
Holding a Ball of gold within her hand:
She stood on that, that never stood but went,
So must all those that trust her gouernment.

Then did this Queene, her wandring coach ascend,
Whose wheeles were more inconstant then the winde,
A mighty troope this Empresse did attend,
There might you *Caius Marius* caruing find,
And martiall *Scylla* courting *Venus* kind:
Times alter, and in times we changed bee,
Chaunce onely constant is in leuitie.

Geometry

There might you see how *Archimedes* art,
As a strong bulwarke guarded *Syracuse:*
How *Scipio* fought and *Cato* stabd his hart,
How *Anthony* did wrong the sacred muse,
And *Cleopatras* body did abuse.
How *Mago* fell in *Spaine*, and *Hanniball*
Did pitch his tents before *Saturnias* wall.

His stratagems, his snares, vnequall fightes,
Scipio, *Sempronius*, and *Flaminius* slaine:
Aemilius dead amidst his wounded knights,
How chance his youth with praise did entertaine,
And in his age how Fortune wrought his paine:
All this shee did, oh man her fraude perceiue,
And trust her not, for shee will thee deceiue.

How *Alexander* rose at *Darius* fall,
Lysimachus within the Lyons den:
How *Scypio* did besiedge *Numantias* wall,
And many thousands more which scape my pen,
Amongst this fatall troope of Fortunes men:
I saw an aged king except I erre,
That cleaped was the high *Cadwallader*.

He was the last, saue three of Fortunes trayne,
Those were a *Dane*, *Saxon*, and a *Norman king*:
Hengist the first, next was *Denmarkes* swayne,
The last was *Normanes* bastard, which did bring
Plenty of Ioy; whose praise the English sing.
William, whose valure mixt with happy fate,
Brought bondage to the *Iuthes* and Angles state.

William the Conquerour.

Cadwallader last King of the Britaines, his land being vexed with the scourge of Pestilence, went to Rome, where he vndertooke the habit of a Friar

The Britaine Monarch ware a simple Crowne,
Hauing small beades of Amber by his side:
A siluer Crosse, a Friers white frize gowne,
Vpon an humble Asse this King did ride,
As white as snow, or as the siluer tide:
One hand a staffe, the other held a booke,
On which his eyes continually did looke.

Where-

Wherein were charactred in lines of gold,
Locrinus warres, and *Humbers* tragedy:
The King himselfe by *Gwendoline* controld,
The Scythians paramour of *Germany*
Estrilda drownd, the praise of *Hungary*.
Sabrina thrust in *Souerus* flowing maine,
Poore *Madan* by the curres of *Ireland* slaine. Wolues.

The *Britaine Manlius*, not the Romane knight,
Thinking to slay *Mempricius Madans* sonne: Madans second sonne.
Himselfe was by his brother slaine in fight,
And he by wolues (as *Madan* was) vndone,
For *Sodomes* gilt to lust his mind had wonne.
The foremost booke did *Britaines* raigne relate,
The next of *Swayne*, the third of *Saxons* state.

The fourth and last did write of *Williams* raigne,
In which there was an ancient prophesie:
Written of yore, confirmd by *Merlins* twaine,
What should ensue to *Williams* progeny,
Was there at large explainde in poetry.
The warres of *England* for the crowne of *France*,
There many battels with their mournfull chance.

The ciuill warres of *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
The *Cambrian* helmet changde for *Englands* crowne:
How true discent did *Tudors* blood preferre,
The brow of peace dispearced *Mars* his frowne,
The land of warre is rulde by iustice gowne.
These shall haue end, then shall arise a King
Which plenty shall conduct, in concords string. The helmet was the ancient creast of the Tudors.

He with vnnumbred linkes of reaſons chaine,
Shall three in one, and one in three vnite:
Britaine ſhould be the name, for *Brute* doth raigne,
A King commands no Princes fauorite,
This he intreates, for this his penne doth write:
Ceaſe to command, learne ſubiects to obay,
Reaſon where iuſtice rules, beares greateſt ſway.

Is it not peerleſſe praiſe with peace to gaine,
That for the which, our fathers ſpent their blood:
And neuer age but ours could reobtaine?
O happy men if that you ſaw ſuch good,
But will is masked ſtill with errors hood.
Let true obeiſans vp this diet breake,
So *Caſar* wils, ſo *Cicero* doth ſpeake.

The feet was this, the propheſie was ſuch
Which he had read with carefull induſtry,
And quoted euery line with iudgments touch,
Amidſt his ſtudy caſting vp his eye,
Seeing his miſtreſſe Fortune was not nye.
His booke he fleightly ſet into his gowne,
Which on the yellow ſand fell quickly downe.

Thence poſted he on his maieſtique Aſſe,
Like ſome ſlow rider pacing to the race:
Then *Iſis* ſiluer channell did I paſſe,
And thither went, where as mine eyes might gaze
On that faire booke, clad in a golden caſe.
I paſt the Annales, for it pleaſde mine eye,
To muſe vpon that ſacred propheſie.

When

When I had read vnto the latter lyne,
I ſaw the aged king returne with ſpeede?
Kind Syr(quoth he) ſaw you a booke of mine?
I Syr(quoth I)if this be he indeed
I gaue it him; he gaue me thankes for meed.
He poſted thence, I to my ſtudy went,
Where on this matter many houres I ſpent.

At laſt I was reſolu'd for to relate
In Poetry the things mine eyes did ſee:
Which was the vncertainety of humane ſtate,
To paint the things aright with equitie,
I did implore the ayde of memorie,
Which ſhe denide; Oh worthies pardon mee,
If ought I write amiſſe which you ſhall ſee.

Not *Orpheus* trees, and birds inchanting quill,
Nor *Homers* art heere(Reader)ſhalt thou ſee:
Expect not *Ouids* verſe, nor *Maroes* skill,
For if you doe, you ſhall deceiued bee:
If bad it is, pray gentles beare with mee,
Say it is meane, thou doſt mee much commend,
I'de haue it meane, becauſe I meane to mend.

Miſtake mee not, I liue in hope to pleaſe:
Diſpraiſe mee not, before thou knoweſt mee well:
Maugre ſweete, not reuenge, my lines loue peace,
Doe not my ſhame before thou ſeeſt it tell:
Marke euery line, and each wordes nature ſpell.
Ere thou beginſt to reade, looke, beare in minde
Of whom I write, yea how, and in what kind.

Faire *Englands* Peeres with *Romanes* I compare,
Their warres, their ſpoiles, their fightes and victory,
Their filthy vices, with their vertues rare:
Their laud, diſpraiſe, their praiſe and infamy,
Their conqueſts triumphes with their treachery.
Then doth our muſe declare inteſtine warres,
Kings conquering fields, and Princes wounding iarres.

Then doth ſhe mount the ayre with *Eagles* winges,
Then to the North ſhee goes, and paſſeth *Twides*
And ſings his praiſe, which endles glory bringes,
Who like a *Pilot* doth this *Iſland* guide,
Which like a barke, within the Sea doth ride.
This land is ſeated like to *Venice* ſtate,
The waues, the walles, and euery ſhip a gate.

Leaſt that my Gates be wider then my towne,
And that *Diogines* my folly ſee:
My proems prologue Ile ſet quickly downe,
And bend my muſe vnto the Propheſie:
Where you may reade art mixt with induſtry.
Needs muſt I erre, to erre all men are bent,
To perſeuere, is a bad beaſts intent.

The Compariſon.

So called for aſsiſting Godfrey of Bullion, in his expedition to Judæa.

O What a ſea of blood ſhall *England* ſpill,
When *Normans* Prince, and *Paleſtinas* friend,
With burgonets of ſteele our fieldes doth fill,
Brothers muſt ſtriue as did *Seuerus* kind,
Enuious ambition makes iuſt nature blind.
Arunce and *Brutus* dead, Alarums ceaſe,
Publicola doth liue, and loueth peace.

Baſsianus and Geta.

When *Brutus* dide, *Valerius* then did raigne,
When *Arunce* fell, the *Tuſcan* Emperour fled:
When *Tirrolls* ſhaft ſhall enter *Rufus* braine,
When *Henries* life with *Roberts* lightes are fled,
When all theſe ſleepe in natures earthly bed.
Norfolke ſhall giue to *Stephen*, *Henries* due,
Peace then ſhall be, but warre ſhall ſoone enſue.

Henry the 2. ſonne of Mawd the Empreſſe, and Stephen Earle of Blois, Nephew to Henry the firſt.

Flora is fled, ſtout *Hiems* weares her crowne,
Attir'd like *Mars* in furniture of ſteele:
Aniow and *Blois* ſtriue for the Imperiall Crowne,
A griefe ſurpaſſing griefe doth *England* feele,
Whilſt doubtfull Fortune turns her doubtfull wheele.
Camillus comes, the *Frenchmen* feare his voice,
Alba is freed, and *Albion* hath her choice.

When *Rome* was ſackt, *Camillus* ended ſtrife,
And made *Bellinus* brother to diſpaire:
When *Germanes* Empreſſe *Maud* ſhall end her life,
Henry ſhall claime the crowne, as lawfull heire,
His Eame in graue, but he in regall chaire
Is plac't, and rules his princely Peeres with peace,
His ſonnes rebell, and concord gins to ceaſe.

Brennus.

Now ſprings the plant, from hence our ioy ſhall ſpring,
Victorious *Aniow* crownd in regall ſtate:
Liuing, adopts an heire, inueſts a King,
Vngratefull child ſpurd by a womans hate,
Sturd forraine foes the land to ruinate.
Romes ſword is Conſul, foe-men tribute paies,
Both *Henries* dead, Chriſts friend the Septer ſwaies.

Henry the 2. the firſt Plantagenet.

Richard 1.

Marcellus, ſo called by Hannibal.

Marcellus

Marcellus which did *Syracuſa* burne,
nniball. Made *Affricks* praiſe, to praiſe his matchles minde,
And place his aſhes in a golden vrne:
So *Albions* lyon ſprung from lyons kinde,
When death the king and prince in cords ſhall binde.
Heele ſpend his treaſure, for *Iehouas* good:
But woe alas, a ſlaue ſhall ſpill his blood.

Deſigned *Iohn* diſueſts young *Britaines* Duke,
But Antichriſtians prince, our ſauiours foe:
Bringes *Lewis* in, and doth him ſtraight rebuke,
Egles of England, yeeld to Swans of Poe,
ius Flam. A Monarch falles by Monkes, fates wills it ſo.
is ſlaine at *Titus* ſuruiues, though flames *Flaminius* burne,
e battle of *Worſter* is ſafe, and *Lewis* doth returne.
hraſimenus
oſe death
is by his
nne
enged in the At *Thraſimenus* valiant *Titus* fell,
ſoning of In *Pruſias* Court, his ſonne reuengde his death:
nniball. From happie heauen, though *Iohn* to haples hell
Headlong did ſlide, his ſonne ſhall weare the wreath,
The *Dolphen* flyes, and *Mars* begins to breath:
nry the 3. Tempeſtuous whirle-windes, breake the Temple gate
Of Peace; the peers the king, the prince the Baron hate.

Ciuill diſſention and diſlovall armes,
Cleerly declares *Clares* hidden enmitie:
A fatall ſtarre foretelleth future harmes,
The legions meete, each doth the other ſpye,
Eccho reſounds, S. *George*, S. *George*, both cry:
Gracchus is ſtabd, young *Scipio* peace maintaines,
The Barrons tam'd, all conquering *Longſhanckes* raignes.

Romes

Romes enuious *Tribunes* that ignoble Tribe,
The vitious iſſue of a vertuous dame:
Did the baſe mindes of poore *Plebeians* bribe,
To gaine them honour, with their Countries ſhame:
They dead; the world did ring with *Romaines* fame.
So *Clare* and *Mowtford* ſhall, who being ſlaine,
Edward ſhall vanquiſh *Caledonias* plaine.

Caius and Tiberius Gracchus.

Acon is tane, and *Tunis* feares his ſtroakes,
Hē loued peace, yet bare a warriors ſhield:
Cambria diſdain'd to weare her ſiſters yoake,
The Enſignes ſpred, both ſtriue to win the field,
The bridge is paſt, and *Leolines* muſt yeeld:
Marius departs, *Proſcriptions* gin to ceaſe,
The Prince of warre ſhall end his dayes in peace.

The ſaying of Leoline himſelfe, as Powel hath laid down in his life.

Deſtruction graz'd on fertill *Italy*,
Till *Syllas* legions vanquiſht *Marius* might:
So ciuill warres ſhall feed on *Britany*,
Till *Leolines* that all daring Knight,
Is tane by *Edward* in vnequall fight:
When *Marius* fell, *Concordia* gan to ſmile,
So *Wales* will amplify faire *Englands* ſtile.

Reſplendant *Iuno*, leaues her ſacred diſcone,
Young *Ganoſton* bewitcht great *Edwards* hart:
The minor Gods bewaile *Saturnias* mone,
Bohume and *Beaumont* takes the *Marchers* part,
And falſe *Matreuers* ſtabbes *Carnarmus* hart:
For *Cæſars* office *Scipio* ſtriues in vaine,
And *March* too ſoone retells his triple gaine.

Queene Iſabel wife to Edward the 2. was next heire to Charles king of France whoſe title our preſent king doth enioy

Scipio & Lentulus two worthy Romes ſtroue vehemently in the campe of Pompei: for the Biſhoprick of Rome, but the battels ioyning & Cæſar winning, their ſtrife ended with their liues

When that the Romane Eagles graſpt of yore,
Scipio with auncient *Lentulus* did ſtriue:
For *Iulius* prieſthood, whoſe deſerts were more,
But when that *Pompeys* legions did not thriue,
They taſted gall within the honies hiue.
So *Wigmore* ſeekes in vaine to get a Crowne,
But by Lord *Mountaute* is tumbled downe.

Terras proud iſſue tam'd, immortall *Ioue*
Rides in his Chariot, through the azurde skie:
Adornd with Valure, Mercy, Peace and Loue,
So *Cæſar* rode in *Rome* with maieſty,
Scipio would liue, life *Cato* doth deny.
So *Wigmores* honor ſeekes, but muſt not part,
Matreuers hand, hath ſtabd *Matreuers* hart.

Ed. the third, maried Phillip daughter to the Earle of Henault.

Warres thunderbolt, with his Egiptian pearle,
Illuſtrious *Venus* and her martiall Bride
Phillips faire ſiſter, with great *Mercias* Earle,
Submits to *Henaults* mounting-minded bride,
Vengeance and Fury ſcourge inhumane pride.
Egipt is loſt, and *Anthony* muſt die,
March is immurde, and twiſe he may not flie.

Lord Roger Mortimer Earle of March and Queene Isabel, compared to Anthony & Cleopatra.

When *Anthony* did *Cleopatra* loue,
And did *Auguſtas* chamber-bed forgoe:
Bellona Cæſars irefull minde did moue:
To worke reuenge on chaſte *Octauias* foe,
Marcus is ſlaine, he muſt his Loue forgoe.
As *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* were,
So is Queene *Iſabel* and *Mortimer*.

Depreſſed

Depreſſed waters element, ſome thinke,
Is downe ſuppreſt by powers moſt diuine:
Some iudge that *Terra* doth the moiſture drinke,
Yet certes ſhall men ſee with mortall eyne,
When deadly weter ſhall with ayre combine,
Great *Mortimer* whoſe name from waters ſprang,
Shall waue in waues of ayre, and there ſhall hang.

Vermilion colloun'd clowdes of purple warre,
Are by the radiant beames of *Edwards* raigne:
From *Englands* territors exiled farre,
But ſtay (me thinkes) *Bellona* ſoundes againe:
And calles forth *Mars* to fight in *Aquitaine*,
Stay *Caſar* ſtay, let valiant *Druſus* goe:
Great *Arthurs* heire, can vanquiſh *Artois* foe.

Edward the blacke Prince compared to Germanicus.

Edward the blacke Prince ayded the Earle of Artois againſt King Iohn of France.

When that *Tiberius* did the Septer ſway,
Of *Albas* Empire, great *Saturnias* king:
Germanicus whoſe head was deckt with bay,
Fought ſtill abroad, and conqueſt home did bring:
So *Edward* did whoſe praiſe the *Spanyards* ſing,
Let *Beaumount* witnes fearfull *Philips* flight.
And *Iohn* which yeelded to the *Gaſcoigne* knight.

Arthode.

The wandring Planets of the burniſht skye,
Are by the vncompriſed Spheare of *Ioue*,
Thruſt here and there, as men condemn'd to dye,
Heauen were nought, if Heauen did not moue:
So nature taught, ſo natures ſoone did proue.
Like vnto theſe, or like a Comet bright,
Through euery region *Caſar* ſent his light.

A Propheſie of Cadwallader

The *Zodiaks* lamp in the Eclipticke line,
Twice vrgd his courſer to a ſwift careere:
The *Hiturian* ſonne doth in the Eaſt decline,
In *Europes* Weſt his praiſe did firſt appeere,
Oh *Climatericall* diſaſter yeere:
Ceſar thy glory in the Weſt did riſe,
The poiſoned Eaſt, thy ruine did deuiſe.

So ſiluer ſtreames and topleſſe Apenine,
Which doe confront terreſtriall *Paradiſe*:
Muſt not great *Edwards* wandering Fame confine,
Mars and *Bellona* ſtratagems deuiſe:
That he with Honors wings ſhould mount the skyes,
Exiled *Peter* doth implore his ayde,
Iberia quakes, to ſee the croſſe diſplayd.

Reuolting *Henault*, and relenting *John*,
Are terrified at *Bruſe* and *Balliols* fall:
No Salike law, can barre bold *Philips* ſonne,
His matchleſſe valure cauſed a kingdomes thrall:
Whilſt ſlothfull *Charles* immur'd him in a wall,
Germanias terror wan a glorious field,
So *Cambrias* monarch made a King to yeeld.

Careleſſe of death, like to a thunder-bolt,
Englands Craſſius with a maſſie lance:
And not vnlike a fierce vntamed Colt,
Glides like the ſiluer *Rhine* through yeelding *Frewce*,
Blinded with age great *Boheme* falls by chance.
Caligula is borne, the ſinke of ſhame,
Richard miſled, deſerues an endleſſe blame.

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h m aliue or
dead, which he
performed, for
he loſt his li e
in the purſuite
of honor, and
for the ſafety
of Cæſar.

The worldes faire miſtreſſe, Empreſſe of the earth,
Ordaines a triumph for *Auguſtus* heire:
So *Gaſcoigne* triumphes at young *Gaſcoignes* birth,
Wonder of Armes ſet in *Victorias* chaire,
To *Troynouant* with *Trophеys* doth repaire.
Romes Senators attended *Albas* ſtarre,
So *Albion* Peeres did waite on *Albions* carre.

Two glorious ſonnes, rules the celeſtiall Globe,
Cheering the world with their tranſpearcing rayes:
Garniſht with Saphires, and a Iaſper robe,
(Vntimely chaunce) times wonder ends his dayes,
Æmilius mournes amidſt his *Trophеys* praiſe.
Troies hope is dead, and *Priams Hector* ſlaine:
Edward hath loſt his ſonne, his ſonne a raigne.

Ed. the 3. compared to Paulus Aemi who in his greateſt glory loſt his chiefeſt ioy, namely his ſonnes.

Impartiall death maſkt in a fable weede,
Paſſeth the *Romanes* watch and *Prætors* guard:
And to *Tiberius* royall tent doth ſpeede,
Phiſicke reſiſts, and death by art is bard,
But art doth yeeld, for death was too too hard:
He laid in graue, his nephewes ſonne doth raigne,
The ſcourge of *Rome*, and *Europes* Empreſſe ſlaine.

So when that death of *Edward* made an end,
Eſſence of value, ſubſtance of renowne:
Whome peace for iuſtice, warres for rule commend,
Exalting vertue, putting vices downe,
His bones entombd, his worthy ſonnes doe crowne:
Their nephew *Richard* ſecond of that name,
The firſt, though not the laſt diſgrac't by fame.

Melpomene thou diſmal muſe appeare,
And moralize the *Anthemes* which I bring:
Richard miſled by *Buſhy*, *Poole* and *Vere*,
Ignoble *Scroope* in his new Empires ſpring,
Inchaunting charmes vnto his eares did ſing:
Flattry corrupteth kings, but good aduiſe
Makes Counſellors gratious, and the Princes wiſe.

When *Neroes* ſonne was borne in *Neroes* campe,
Quirinus father *Rheas* valiant ſpouſe,
In his red Spheare enlightned had his lampe,
Leauing his yron roabes and brazen houſe,
Did to *Bellona* cups of blood carowſe.
Saturne then ioynd with *Mars*, which did foretell
That *Neroes* ſonne for murther ſhould excell.

Romanes. Whom *Brutus* freed by death from *Tarquines* ſtroakes,
Princes of peace, for warres admirde of all:
The worlds Arch-monarches rent their chained yoakes,
Conſulls and Tribunes do a Senate call,
Their voice is one *Caligula* muſt fall.
Nature doth ſwarue and from her limits paſſe,
The Imperious Lyon, got an abiect Aſſe.

So when chaſte *Alice Richard* forth ſhall bring,
In *Edwards* Campe, *Victories* ſacred ſeate:
Prophets like ſtarres, enſuing harmes ſhall ſing,
The Peeres (like *Albas* knights) were all repleate
With wrath, diſdaine was in a mightie ſweate
In working waies, the king for to depoſe,
Which being done, the Nobles *Darby* choſe.

The

The Northerne Planet great *Northumberland*,
Whose peerles issue neuer shall decaie:
Till *Nature* doth confound both Sea and land,
And shapeles *Chaos* comes his part to play,
Vertue must liue though men be turnd to claye.
This glorious Moone true badge of Honor bright,
Disdaynes the Sunne, and did not borow light.

Foreseeing *Gaunt* like to a carefull fire,
Seeing that lost by Sloth which Labour wonne:
Doth contermaund his Soueraignes hot desire,
And like a blast doth caulme the scorching Sunne,
Which by illuding *Sycophantes* is wonne,
Two *Combatants* on their earth threatning steedes,
Attend the trumpets sound in yron weedes.

The reuerent Consulls *Yorke* and *Lancaster*,
Doe conuocate a Senate of the Peeres:
And equalizing *Woodstocke* did preferre,
Due banishment to those ambitious Peeres,
The Barons ioynd to this; the Champions sweares
Mowbray for aye, ten yeares must *Harford* part,
Griefe galles the one, and kills the others hart.

The gallant Courser in the listed race
Dismounts the Ryder, scornes his curbing raine:
Stamping with ioy, his freedome doth embrace,
And doth his pristine seruitude disdaine,
Leauing his Ryder breathlesse on the plaine.
So raging *Burdeux* tumbles downe his kinne,
And runnes from sin to vice, from vice to sinne.

In

Caligula ſlain by his own friends

In his Imperiall Pallace *Pleaſures* Bowre,
Romes mightie Monſter did himſelfe repoſe:
Sacking *Cytherea* fort, faire *Venus* Towre,
The raging multitude their wrath diſcloſe,
For his *Pretorian* guard, they did inſcloſe:
Charea did ſplit his harn, oh happie thing,
T'was good he dide, twas bad to kill a King.

The ſtone where the Kings of Englands chaire is placed at their Coroniatiõs, is reported to be that ſtone whereon Iacob laid his head whē the Angel appeared to him in his dream Gathel brought frõ Scodand by Edward the firſt.

So Honors ſpurre did pricke the *Percies* blood,
To tumble *Richard* from his bloudie Throne:
Wiſhing great *Herford* to tranſpaſſe the flood,
To come and ſit on *Iacobs* facred ſtone,
Where he might raigne as King, and riſe alone.
As *Claudius* roſe, ſo *Herford* came to raigne,
As *Nero* fell, ſo *Edwards* ſonne was ſlaine.

Henry 4.

Now *Gaunts* great iſſue in his Throne is ſet,
Whoſe ſacred Science this my Muſe ſhould tell:
For *Margarets* ſake, that ſprang from *Sommerſet*,
For her it ſhould, if *Cambria* did not tell,
For lawes vnheard, this Monarch did excell.
Who gaue him wings to mount, he threw to ground,
Claudius who ran ſo faire, is *Claudio* found.

The extremitie of his lawes are ſet downe at large in Powels Annales.

In *Silence* vault my Muſe ſhall hide his fame,
Who dide the Grey gooſe wings with purple red:
Praiſe he deſeru'd, though he deſerued blame,
Sertorius like his warlike troopes he led,
For by alluring hope they both were fed.
Had men and Fortune equaliz'd his minde,
His Conqueſts *Seuernes* neuer had confinde.

Owen Glēdour compared to Sertorius.

Victorious

Victorious *Hotſpurre* and his valiant ſire,
The kings great *Steward*, *Worſters* reuerent Lord:
With neuer daunted *Dowglas* doe conſpire,
Whoſe endles praiſe our *Annales* doe record:
With theſe doe *Glendowre* ioyne, and *Wigmors* Lord,
To pull the Scepter from the tyrantes hand,
And giue it him that ſhould by right command,

Edmund Mortimer Earle of March was declared heire apparant in the dayes of Richard the 2. and the King dyed without iſſue.

Dowglas and *Hotſpurre* peerleſſe for their might,
Are ouermatcht by *Henries* matchleſſe ſonne:
Who like a lyon rowſ'd him in the fight,
Glendowre himſelfe is by himſelfe vndone,
Northumberland is ſicke and cannot come:
Like to a *Tyger* in his eager chaſe,
Great *Monmouthes* praiſe doth run from place to place.

The battle at Shaftſbury

Henry the 5. borne at Monmouth ſhire in Wales.

Tumults appeaſ'd and armor ſet aſide,
The ſtately Citty of the higheſt God
Diuine *Ieruſalem*, *Iehouas* bride,
Being whipt with warre, and famines pinching rod,
Implores the helpe of this all-conquering Lord:
His ſoule defilde with ſinne, by merits ſought
That to redeeme which *Ieſus* blood had bought.

His royall Nauy like a ſea of wood,
Attends his princely preſence in the bay:
But ſee how meager death ſtill enuying good,
With fatall ſtroake his enterpriſe doth ſtay,
The *Cedar* falles in time, ſo Kings decay.
Why ſtay you ſhippes, he treades the ſacred path,
Ieruſalem his ſoule and body hath.

Henry the fift, his lyfe and death.

our. 5.

AVaunt proud *Rome* and bragge not of thy men,
Nor thy ætheriall *Caſars* warres declare:
Ceaſe peerleſſe *Plutarch* with thy ſacred pen,
The worlds Archmonarches aptly to compare,
Reaſon doth vrge, and this alledge I dare,
That Englands *Homer* portraid hath his warre,
Which doth excell the worthieſt *Caſars* ſtarre.

What telſt thou me of famous *Haſdruball*,
Of *Cannas* chance, and *Varros* ouerthrow:
Æmilius death, and conquering *Hanniball*,
Of *Syllas* Legions, and a Parthian bowe,
Of *Titus* valure, *Catos* wrinckled browe,
Of *Syracuſe*, and ſtrong *Numantias* wall,
Or *Philip*, *Perſia*, *Iugurth Iubas* fall.

Of Noble *Druſus* and proud *Saturnine*,
Of *Scipios* death, and *Gracchus* infamy:
Of *Marius* trophies, and ſterne *Cataline*,
How *Caſar* vanquiſht *France* and *Germany*,
And twiſe returnd as foild from *Britany*.
The world admir'd their victories to ſee,
Yet none of theſe muſt be comparde with thee.

Let *Athens* praiſe the lawes which *Solon* gaue,
And *Marathon* extoll *Miltiades*,
Write *Caria* of *Mauſolus* ſtately graue,
And let *Cycilia* wiſh *Demoſthenes*,
But *Salamina* praiſe *Themiſtocles*.
Greece did admire their tryumphes for to ſee,
Yet all of theſe cannot comparewith thee.

Let

Let *Sparta* now conceale *Lycurgus* fame,
And *Lacedæmon* hide *Lyſanders* praiſe:
Ceaſe *Argos* now, to ſhew th'Olimpicke game,
Let ſilence cloud or maske thoſe golden dayes,
When *Epires* Monarch acted Tragicke playes: *Pyrrhus.*
But what of him? or what are theſe to thee?
For thou alone doeſt farre exceed thoſe three.

Though *Alexander* wan *Darius* Crowne,
And forc't the Eaſterne Emperour leaue his tent:
Burning *Perſopolis* that regall Towne,
Seeing thy valure freely giues conſent
That two bright ſonnes ſhould rule the Element:
With thee great Prince we aptly may compare,
Rich *Europes* Paragon, and Phœnix rare.

Thou didſt not want *Parmenios* aiding hand,
Nor valiant *Perdicas* aſpiring minde:
Which might *Alauſons* quarels fierce withſtand,
As long as *Laughes* gallant iſſued minde
Had faithfull *Suffolkes* loue to him combinde.
They wan, they loſt, they liue though they are dead,
They liue in heauen, and dide in Conqueſts bed.

The Duke of Yorke & Earle of Suffolke, were the onely men of Nobilitie that ended their liues in the battell of Agincourt. Craſſinius was the firſt Captain that charged the enemy in the Field, which office of valure, Edward the Duke of Yorke enioyed at Agincourt.

France did ten yeares withſtand the Romanes might,
Both parties oft with equall courage plaide:
Yet that before the Sun ſhewd twice his light,
Madſt great *Mompenſier* flye as all diſmaide,
To ſee thy kingly Banner forth diſplaide.
Like to *Craſſinius Yorke* the vaward led,
True valure is by hope of honor bred.

Henry two *Diadames* doth now combine,
Europes faire daughters, eldeſt ſiſters twaine:
By marriage of a maide a Nimph diuine,
Whilſt *Lewis* liues, as Emperour he muſtraigne,
Henry as heire apparant doth remayne:
When *Katherin* is betrothd his beauteous wife,
Peace conquers warre, and concord endeth ſtrife.

Immortalized virgin ſacred Queene,
Britaines Aurora harbinger of day:
Fairer then thought could thinke or eye hath ſeene,
Rich Vertues port, and Honors cleereſt bay,
Thrice bleſſed wombe fram'd of ætheriall clay,
Which didſt encloſe that glorious *Theodore*,
Whoſe ſonne did *Britaines* regalty reſtore.

Her Amber-treſſes like to wyers of gold,
That ſhadowed her white vermilion face:
Like *Vulcans* chayne tiid *Venus* champion hold,
VVho triumphed erewhile, now ſues for grace,
Vndecent action for a Captaines place:
Thy eyes are now bewitcht with eyes diuine,
Thy heart conſents to honor *Katherine*.

If I had *Zeuxes* art to paint thy lookes,
Did I enioy *Maonian Homers* quill:
To pourtraiture thy praiſe in golden bookes,
Thy vertues rare would æqualize my skill:
Thy ſacred paps ſweete *Nectar* did diſtill,
Hadſt not thou bene, our eyes ſhould neuer view
Our preſent peace and pleaſures to enſue.

Stay

Stay ranging *Muſe*, thy wandring courſe reſtraine,
When *Ioues* all-ſeeing eyes did view this King:
He ſent his Harauld to that ſpatious plaine,
Where the three fatall Siſters, then did ſpinne:
To know when *Henries* life did firſt beginne.
And if his thred were not already ſpunne,
That *Lacheſis* ſhould make it quickly runne.

His wiſeſt ſonne did place his golden wings,
Holding a ſiluer rodde all-charming wand:
VVherewith he could inchant all mortal things,
VVith this attire he claue the ætheriall land,
Where *Ioue* and *Iuno* doth the Gods command:
When that he came vnto the appoynted place,
He told his meſſage with a comely grace.

Siſters (quoth he) for ſo they were indeed,
Th' omnipotent and all-commanding *Ioue*:
VVhich doth on *Nectar* and *Ambroſia* feed,
Iuno, *Apollo*, and *Cytherea* loue:
VVith all the Gods that rules the ſpliere aboue,
Entreats, cõmands, of you faire ſiſters three,
To end his life, though not his dignitie.

Mercuries Oration.

Atlas you know is old *Alcides* dead,
You know the waight of Heauens maſſy throne:
The Planets houſes couered all with lead,
Ioues pallace varniſht with rich Rubies ſtone,
The gates of *Iuory* and *Indian* bone:
He that doth heauens heauieſt waight ſuſtaine,
Muſt patience haue to tollerate his paine.

He dyed in a Chamber at the Deane of Weſtmi. lodging named Ieruſalem.

Therefore (quoth he) this is my Fathers will,
(For *Ioue* his Father was, or Fame doth lye)
That you which power haue great kings to kill,
Would ſhorten *Henries* life that he might dye,
A heauenly thought deſerues æternitie.
Atlas is old, and *Atlas* muſt haue aide,
All feare the heft, *Henry* was nere afraide.

The Fates anſwere.

The Sifters ſtood amazde at his requeſt,
Each looke at others eyes as in a glaiſe:
Whereat ſterne *Clotho* eldeſt of the reſt,
Brother quoth ſhee (for *Ioue* their Father was)
Shall Fates be rulde by Gods? ahlas, ahlas,
They reuell ſtill, but we poore wretches worke,
We labour, they in Caues of pleaſure lurke.

The worlds poore Impes may iuſtly now complaine
Of humane ſorrow, mans ſtill growing griefe:
How birds and beaſts a longer life do gaine
Then man, poore man; And mans commaunding chiefe
If you deny them helpe, where is reliefe:
Men ſay that Fates are certaine, now they ſee
Ioue made vs conſtant in inconſtancy.

The angry God invelloped with ire,
Wrath in his face, and fury in his lookes,
His eyes more redde then was the reddeſt fire:
Shewes auncient Monuments of ſacred bookes,
Which earſt he wrote by the *Idalian* brookes.
There might you ſee what Acts the Gods did frame,
Amongſt the reſt *Ioue* might the Sifters blame.

Out of this place he drawes his argument,
And doth confute their ſugred Sophiſtry:
Then reades another Act of Parliament,
Which did confirme *Iones* royall Empery,
His great prerogatiue and dignity.
Then doth he powre forth ſacred Eloquence,
Selected flowers of learnings Quinteſſence.

What if proud *Terras* iſſue *Briareus*,
VVould combat with your great ætheriall Sire?
Entring *Caſtalia*, where the ſacred Muſe
Liues ſtill inſpirde with yong *Apollos* fire?
VVhat if the Giants could ſo high aſpire,
VVould not they touch the chriſtalized ſky,
Vntuning heauens ſweeteſt harmony?

Mercinys reply.

VVhat God ſhould then the heauens waight ſuſtaine,
VVhilſt *Bacchus* in his Indian Tygers Carre
VVould ſhake the Orbes and that celeſtiall plaine,
VVhen faire *Victoria* conquering Queene of warre,
Brighter then *Venus*, or the brighteſt ſtarre,
Doth giue to *Ione* a Crowne bedeckt with gold,
Could *Atlas* then heauens heavieſt waight vphold?

Hit

His age is great, and yeares will strength remoue,
Therefore faire *Sisters* well aduised bee:
To answere *Ioue* and all the Gods aboue,
Though loth they were, yet all did well agree
To cut his thred for meere necessitie.
Then *Atlantiades* did soone depart,
And *Atropos* did stabbe great *Henries* hart.

Thus dide the *Phœnix* of the vastie round,
Whose worth my Muse should euer memorize:
And *Eccho-like* his martiall deeds resound,
But that he did his Country scandalize
In following *Henry* which did tyranize.
She gaue thee breath to liue and men to fight,
Yet thou depriu'st her of her cleerest light.

When noble *Henry* ended hath his daies,
Bedford with conquering swords *Vernoi* shal fill,
And spend his blood to gaine immortall praise:
Beauford and *Beaumont* shall good *Humfrey* kill,
And *Warwicke* gaine the popular good will.
Poole is exilde from wofull *Margaret*,
And *Yorke* malignes the Duke of *Somerset*.

Mars mounts his Ensigns on our highest towers,
And decks our helmets with Ambitions plumes:
Reuenge sad massacres and scarlet showres
Distills, Cities are burnt, whose dankish fumes
Contaminates the Ayre, now *Yorke* presumes
With *Sarums* Earle and *Warwickes* willing hand,
To gaine the Crowne, and with the Crowne the land.

The

The Ciuill Warres.

PLutonian Princeſſe ſacred *Proſerpine*,
Licence *Megera* and *Cteſiphone*,
VVhich neuer ſaw the *Sunnes* all-pleaſing ſhine
Enter this vale of humane miſery,
And conſecrate to endles memory
*The*ſe Ciuill broyles in Characters of braſſe,
Set forth theſe warres which did all warres ſurpaſſe.

Heers *Mars* pauilion, there *Bellonas* tent,
The Lanciers here, & there the Carbines ſtands:
The Bilmen ſtrikes, the Archers bowes are bent,
Here raging Fury flies with burning brands,
Diſtorted limmes are pilde on purple ſands:
Here *Gaſſamores* are craſt, there helmets crazd,
Here Gorgets cut, there Vaines of Azure razd.

Now doth the Courſer neigh, the Clarions ſound,
And wrath mounted on a flaming ſteed,
Doth both the Legions fortitude confound,
The moiſtleſſe earth for very griefe doth bleed,
To ſee the Gardner ſpoyle the ſowen ſeed.
Heere might you ſee what age could neuer tell,
Whilſt Lyons fought, the foreſts Barons fell.

Heere Ambuſcadoes watch the ſallying Scout,
There *Hannibal* entraps *Marcellus* traine:
Here wings are plac't and ſquadrons round about,
Scipiades muſt leaue diſloyall *Spaine*,
And like *Anubiſes* clippe the *Elyſian* plaine.
Nature hath digd for men more kind of graues,
*The*n *Indian* Ganges hath tranſlucent waues.

No valiant *Martius* ſtout *Coriolane*,
Did now the raging multitude withſtand:
Tumultuous windes haue left the rocky lane,
Where ſterne *Hippodates* with Mace in hand,
Their lawleſſe force, by force doth countermaund.
Eurus will blowe and ſhake the *Iſlands* King,
Rebells will riſe, and belles of diſcord ring.

Vnworthy I, to mount that ſacred hill,
And *Clodius*-like ſee female ſacrifice:
Virgill ſang this, and none but *Virgill* will
Aduenture valures worth to memorice;
Thrice glorious obiect fit for Princely eyes.
Pardon great *Homer*, my all-daring muſe,
Let *Cherills* folly, *Cherills* fault excuſe.

The leſſer ſtarres makes *Phœbe* ſhine more bright,
So may my infant Muſe comparde to thine,
Make thy heroicke Poems ſplendant light,
Seeme fairer farre in mens inditious eyne,
Compariſon makes Vertue ſeeme diuine.
Yet giue me leaue with my vnworthy pen,
To blazon forth the Acts of worthy men.

Ceaſe mournfull *Rome* thy ſad enlangoring,
Thoſe fatall Fields neere to *Campania* ſought,
The ciuil wars of Marius and Sylla. Wherein the very prime of *Marius* ſpring,
The ſpring of griefe which *Carbo* deerly bought,
Ambitious Conqueſt rulde great *Sylas* thought.
Speake not of theſe proud *Rome*, nor make thy mone,
Or if thou ſpeak'ſt, make not compariſon.

What

What of ſtout *Varro*, and *Affranius* loſt,
Maſſilias ruine *Scenas* pierced ſhield:
Home by *Brundusium*, *Cæſars* ſhippes were toſt,
Euer renowm'd *Pharſalias* bloody field,
How *Iuba* fell, and *Diator* did yeeld.
Pompey in *Egipt* by *Potbinius* ſlaine,
And endles ſhame which *Ptolomy* did gaine.

The battell in Spayne, where Cæſar was victor.

Cæſar is ſtabd, and *Albas* doth lament,
Antonius doth the Tyrants plea refute:
Irefull *Octauius* to reuenge is bent,
Caſcas and *Caſſius*, *Cicero* and *Brute*,
For Countreys freedome frame a faithleſſe ſuite.
Lawes ſilent are when armies rule the towne,
Who conquered Kings, by Kings are tumbled downe.

Cæſar ſlaine in the Court of Pompey.

The battell at Phillippia.

The feelde at Actium.

Enuious deſire of honor, loue to raigne,
Seuers their mindes whome nature did combine:
Two *Romaine* nauyes cut the *Ocean* maine,
One brothers loſſe, doth cauſe anothers gaine,
Nothing is worſe then Potentates diſdaine.
Rome ſmild with ioy, when ciuill warres did ceaſe,
England admired more at perfect peace.

In thirteen battells *Englands* ſtrength was tryde,
Gaunts iſſue ſtriues with *Clarence* progenie:
Through euery place deſtructions ſteed did ryde,
Making debate and endles enmitie,
Twixt ſubiects loue, and Princely ſoueraigntie.
The Lords conſpire, and at *Saint Albons* meete,
Heres *Warwickes* tent, there *Yorke* doth man the ſtreete.

The firſt of Sain Albons battell.

Vnder the Castell *Somerset* is slaine,
Here *Clifford* falls, and there *Northumberland*,
Great *Buckingham* renewes the fight againe,
In vaine the Lion doth the Beare withstand,
Where *Warwicke* leades his all subduing band:
The Rose doth wither, and the Daysie spring,
The Queene escapt, but *Warwicke* hath the king.

Daysie in French, signifieth Margaret

O whither shall she fly? whose ayde expect?
Who is encombred with a thousand woes?
VVhat peasant boore will princes griefes respect?
By flight she scapes the furie of her foes:
Thus to the North this *Amazonian* goes.
Griefe flies to those, who are oppresst with griefe,
Societie in woe is some reliefe.

VVhen *Romes* two *Scipios* fell, two glorious starres
In *Andeluzia* or illuding *Spaine*?
None durst but *Scipio* vndertake those warres,
Euen so when *Clifford* was for *England* slaine,
And *Percies* pride lay breathlesse on the plaine,
None durst the Ragged Staffe and Beare withstand,
But *Cliffords* sonne and great *Northumberland*.

At Wakefield, Rich. Duke of Yorke being taken by the Lord Clifford, in reuenge of his fathers death slaine at S. Albons, crowned the Dukes head with paper.

The Trumpets wake the Champions to the field,
VVho rode in tryumph through *Epeons* towne
To *VVestmerland*; and *Margaret* must yeeld,
VVhose vertues did deserue a golden Crowne:
His browes are circulizde with paper browne.
Themistocles doth yeeld to *Xerxes* might,
Yorke ouermatcht, giues place to *Henries* right.

Penthisilea

Penthisilea bends her course to *Troy*,
Shewing the spoiles of *Larissæus* King,
And *Henry* like to *Priam* smiles with ioy,
Seeing his *Queene* such *Trophеys* home to bring:
And all the *Phrigian* Virgins *Io* sing.
Like vnto this, or like a brauer wight,
Couragious *Margret* doth returne from fight.

Neuer discouragde *Warwicks* royall Peere,
Vnconstant *Clarence*, constant *Montacute*,
Seeing the Southerne coast of *Albion* cleere,
Did *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Surrey* resalute,
Norfolke doth *Mowbray* Captaine constitute.
Both Armies ioyne, and to *Saint Albons* came,
They flye their foes, where first they ouercame.

The secon
Battell of S
Albons.

Mowbray to *Suffolke*, *Warwicke* with the rest,
In haste, poste haste, to *Cambrias* borders flye:
New rising *March* doth rowse his spangled Crest,
And vnderstanding by a sallying spye
His Fathers friends, and fauourites were nigh,
With decent gesture doth them entertaine,
Imploring aide his right to reobtaine.

Warwicke who was the speaker for them all,
In modest sort, as well became his age:
Not Duke of *Yorke* but doth him Soueraigne call,
A name so great doth vertue equipage,
Now each to other doth his honour gage.
Like *Cæsar* now he ioynes with *Anthony*,
And like to him doth foster enmitie.

When *Brutus* hand had ſtabd great *Cæſars* hart,
Octauius honour euery where did finde:
Antonius takes the ſtout *Cæſareans* part,
But when reuenge had ſatisfide her minde,
Whome mariage chaſte with friendſhip had combinde,
Ambition makes them ſtriue for endleſſe raigne,
And with their bloud to dye the crimſon mayne.

So *Edward* and renowned *Sarums* ſonne
Ioyne to reuenge dead *Richards* iniury:
But when that *Gaunts* great iſſue was vndone,
Warwicke doth enuy *Yorkes* proſperitie,
And much diſdaines his peerleſſe Soueraigntie.
Witneſſe when *Edward* durſt not here abide,
And *Barnet* field where noble *Warwicke* dide.

Henries faire Queene, great Neapolitane,
Blinded with masked fate, vnconſtant chance,
Did neuer feare her future fatall bane,
Like a fierce coult this Iennet proud did prance,
Smiling with ioy to ſee her ſmiling chance.
Harke how the Drumme doth ſummon to the field,
See how ſhe takes her ill beſeeming ſhield.

Stay *Naples* pride *Sicilian* Empreſſe ſtay,
Will *France* for euer ſhowres of vengeance raigne?
Thy firſt approch preſage this fatall day,
Fire flew from heauen and made our Turrets plaine,
When thy Armados cut the Ocean maine.
Had *Cæſar* read that which the poore man gaue,
Egypt had neuer beene *Antonius* graue.

Had

ehard Earle Warwicke.

argret daugh r to Reino rle of Anjow ho entitled mſelf King of aples, Sycil, & ruſalem, but ioyed none. That day in which Cæſar loſt his life in the Court of Pompey, a poor man tendred him a petition which he lightly regarded, the contents whereof if he had perused, his life might haue beene preſerued

Had but great *Henry*, great in Maieſtie
Ioynd with that match which *Bedford* firſt did make,
He had not taſted baſe ſeruilitie,
But when his minion *Suffolke* did forſake,
That Nimph of ioy, great heire to *Armiñake*,
Then *Yorkes* depreſſed iſſue gan to riſe,
An abiect Prince each Subiect will deſpiſe.

Clifford and *Percy* proppes of *Henries* ſtate,
(Seeing the Southerne Lords entend to fight,)
Doth the fierce Tygers anger inſtigate,
Propoſing arguments of *Henries* right,
How her decayd, augmented *Edwards* might.
In *Hampton* firſt ſhe did our woe begin,
Two *Hamptons* cannot end her endleſſe ſin.

Fury awakes the murthred Lions whelpe,
And like poore *Hector* his deceaſed ſire,
Craues of his kinſemen their ſupporting helpe,
Their ſmotherd hate hath kindled murthers fire,
Which none can quench till they haue quencht deſire,
Where *Nemeſis* of late did murther end,
There ſhe begins heroicke bloud to ſpend.

Like the worlds Monarch, *Yorkes* apparant heire
Ioynes with his Fathers friend, great *Nevils* race:
They to *Northampton* with their troupes repaire,
Where *Aniowes Tamiris* with martiall grace
Cliffords triumphant Armes did embrace:
Clifford whoſe name as *Talbot* did in *France*,
Made *Warwicke* feare his Colours to aduance.

At her firſt c
ming, landin
at Southham
ton, ſome pa
of Paules ſt
ple. and man
other Churc
in England
were ſet on f

OHaſtings

compari. on of Edward and Warwicke with Octauius & Antho. by.

Octauius now, and chaste *Octauias* Bride,
Conspire the death of tyranizing *Brute*.
Clifford must fall, in top of all his pride,
Who did by Armes great *Munsters* plea refute,
Doth pleade his cause, but *Warwicke* gaines the suite.
A headlesse arrow piercst his armed throate,
Who in his youth did saile in Conquests boate.

If *Homer* liu'd and dwelt in *Castalie*,
And daily tasted of *Parnassus* Well,
Inspirde with furious sacred Poesie,
Yet would he not our *Virgils* worth excell,
Whose *Paans* did these fierce massacres tell.
Delia is praisd with thy all-praysing hand:
No wonder, for thou dwelst in *Delos* land.

Eight seuerall Battels shall escape my Muse,
Least pride it selfe should me esteeme as proud:
Let *Maros* quill that sacred path peruse,
Couer my temples with a sable cloud,
Cimerian wreathes my head of sorrow shrowd:
Giue me a brazen Pensill not a Pen,
Some drops of blood to portraiture these men.

The Field of Banbery.

NOw warre is mounted on rebellions Steede,
And discontent perswadeth willing Pride,
His crest to raise, and weare an Iron weede:
Long smothred Enuy doth the Army guide,
Which made firme loue from true obedience slide:
'Twas that great *Nemil* made proud *George* rebell,
Whose haughty spirits *Warwicke* knew too well.

Warwicke

Warwicke that raiſde the race of *Mortimer*,
Whoſe eyes did ſee too ſoone, thy death ſaies ſo:
The downfall of immortall *Lancaſter*,
'Twas he that did, what could not *Warwicke* doo?
Make Kings and Queenes to loue and feare him too.
'Twas that great Peere, who with one warlike hand,
Crown'd and vncrown'd two kings who rulde the land.

Thus while theſe Royall but diſloyall Peeres,
Maugre reuenge to him that knew not feare,
Vnnumbred bands of men and ſwarmes appeares
In North and South, Eaſt, Weſt, yea euery where
They throw away their Coats, and Corſlets weare.
Wiues, maides, and Orphants eyes are ſtuft with teares,
And cannot ſee the Spades tranſform'd to Speares.

The Shepheards hooke is made a ſouldiers pike,
Whoſe weather-beaten hands muſt learne aright
His ſpeare to traile, and with his ſword to ſtrike
Vpon the plumed beauer of a knight,
None muſt be ſparde by warres impartiall might.
If euery ſouldier were a King, what then?
Princes ſhould die as faſt as other men.

The Senator muſt leaue his skarlet gowne,
And keepe him in ſome Turret of defence:
When warres once flouriſh, Iuſtice muſt goe downe,
Lawes to correct, is lawleſſe warres pretence,
Valure doth greeue to ſee ill gotten pence.
To ſee a man without deſerts to riſe,
Makes warre ſuch men, not Iuſtice to deſpiſe.

You that in peace by vſe of golden hoords
Your dunghill race to Barons did erect:
You that by Engliſh phraſe and choſen woords
Make heauens enuy your topleſſe Architeck,
Your Angels cannot you from warres protect.
The Campe and Court in manners different are,
Words may in Peace, but deeds prenaile in Warre.

For Robes of honor furr'd with Miniuere
You muſt haue breſt-plates of well tempred ſteele,
And on your aged heads ſtrong Helmets weare,
All ſtates muſt turne when Fortune turnes her wheele,
That man which pleaſure taſtes muſt ſorrow feele.
Who ſees the wracke of mightie Empery,
He loues his life too well that will not dye.

When Kings muſt fight, ſhall ſubiects liue in peace?
What Coward is of ſuch a crauant race,
That loues not honor more than idle eaſe?
Great Romane I applaud thy worthy Phraſe,
To liue with ſhame, is worſe then dye with praiſe.
All which haue being, alwaies cannot bee,
For things corrupt muſt die, and ſo muſt wee.

Could *Creſſus* mightie mines from *Cyrus* hand,
His captiue carkaſſe or his ſtate defend?
Wealth cannot warre, nor ſiluer ſpeares withſtand:
By ſtrife we ſee the greateſt ſtates haue end,
And moſt they marre by warre, who moſt would mend.
When old warres ceaſe, then ſtraight their ſprings anew,
For harmes ſtill harmes, and euils do ills enſue.

No

No ſooner had the gladſome eyes of peace
Beheld this warlike ſea inuiron'd Ile,
But diſobedience heire to ſluggiſh eaſe,
Did weake beleefe ſubdue with ſubtile ſtile,
Grace winnes the heart, but words the eares beguile.
Twas *Warwicks* tongue, whoſe ſpeech did all men pleaſe
Whoſe words were ſuch, or very like to theſe.

The Earle of Warwicks ſpeech.

YOu know great Lords, your very eyes did ſee
The ſpotleſſe honor which my houſe and I
Did euer beare this kingdome; who but wee
Did checke the pride of wilfull tyranny:
And with our Grandſires we eſteemde it good,
For Englands weale to ſpill our deareſt blood.

Witneſſe the diſmall fall of *Salisbury*
And *Richard* Duke of *Yorke* in *Wakefield* ſlaine,
The wracke of my decaied familie,
Why did we this, what profit did we gaine?
Twas but to ſhew our country our good will,
Which now we alſo do, and euer will.

How many times haue I in complete ſteele
Yea mounted on my ſteed purſude the chaſe?
Witneſſe theſe weary limbes, for age muſt feele,
If youth hath runn'd aſtray or tedious race.
Witneſſe theſe ſiluer haires which now appeares,
Cares makes vs old, though we be yong in yeares.

When as theſe eyes, impartiall eyes of mine,
Beheld my king illuded and miſled
By baſer men, true honor did repine
To ſee great maieſtie with baſeneſſe wed:
For which I waged warre, and warring wan,
And winning, choſe a Tyger for a Lambe.

Both you and I great Lords, yea all the ſtate
With vniuerſall voice adiudg'd him wiſe:
Who now hath prou'd a tyrant and vngrate,
Humilitie makes times obſeruers riſe.
For you I choſe him king and ſpent my blood,
But tryall ſaies, good ſeeming is no good.

Now therefore friends let *Warwicks* tongue intreate,
Since that our hopes of *Edwards* loue diſpaire,
That *Lancaſter* may repoſſeſſe his ſeate,
Whom we vnkindly thruſt from honors chaire,
The reaſon is which gouernes our pretents,
Tyrants are worſer farre then Innocents.

Thus this enraged Lord doth inſtigate
With ſpurlike words ſwift courſers to the race:
Enuy ambition breeds, ambition hate:
Hate diſcontent breeds, diſcontent diſgrace,
Theſe be warres angry ſounds, pernitious race.
Theſe vices by Iniuſtice nouriſht are,
Affection in a Iudge is worſe then warre.

Bleſſed that ſtate, thrice happie is the land
VVhere ſacred Iuſtice is eſteemde diuine:
And where the Iudge on one eare holds his hand,
My pen applaudes that ſentence iuſt of thine,
Romes holy Prince, peace louing *Antonine*,
As I am *Marcus*, I am not thy foe,
But being Iudge, I muſt be iuſt alſo.

That lawe deryding Peere, diſdaining Lord,
Warwick doth his rebellious Enſignes reare:
And vowes reuenge on *Edward* with his ſword,
Haſtings and *Stanley* do withſtand the Beare,
True honor neuer yeelds to ſeruile feare.
He is a friend that loues when Fate doth frowne,
He ſhall haue thouſands that doth weare a Crowne.

Thus while theſe threatnings like ſome blazing ſtarre,
The wracke of ſome great Emperour do portend:
Their friends on either ſide addreſſe for warre,
Great *William* Earle of *Pembrooke* doth entend,
Ere warre begin to make of warre an end.
And for that purpoſe for his friends he ſent,
To whom as thus he ſhewed his right intent.

The Earle of Pembrookes Oration.

YOu that did euer with your ſwords maintaine,
The vndoubted title of the whiter Roſe:
By whoſe great ayde great *Edward* did obtaine,
The Royall crowne and homage held of thoſe,
VVhich now rebell, deere friends correct this ſinne,
'Tis as much praiſe to keepe, as praiſe to winne.

If ſpeech might ſpur you to this glorious race,
Where endleſſe honor is the purchaſt fee:
Selected words my ruder ſpeech ſhould grace,
We pricke in vaine his ſides whoſe feete are free.
You euer did the houſe of *Yorke* adore,
True loue encreaſeth daily more and more.

Giue not occaſion to the enuious pen,
To brand you with the badge of infamie:
Be firme in reſolution worthy men,
And thinke vpon your auncient libertie.
Behold why *Warwicke* doth theſe warres entend,
A bad beginning hath a worſer end.

Looke with indifferent, not reſpecting eyes,
Vpon theſe two coriualls in the warre:
Edward a King, couragious, honeſt, wiſe,
Warwicke whoſe name is like a blazing ſtarre,
That ſome enſuing harmes doth foretell,
Enuy doth ſtill worke ill, but neuer well.

For whom doth he this bloody battell wage?
For aged *Henry*, and the Prince his ſonne:
Who but for him had led a quiet age,
But they poore Princes, were by him vndone.
I finde it true which hath bene often ſed,
Beares muſt ſometime with humane fleſh be fed.

It

It is not loue to either of theſe twaine,
That doth enforce this proud ignoble Peere:
Theſe wandring troupes of rebells to maintaine,
But tis ambition whom he holds moſt deere,
That doth compell his willing hands to fight:
Vnſetled braines bloud ſtill reſpect, not right.

Nay, what if *Henry* ſhould enioy the wreath,
Thinke you by yeelding fauour to enioy?
Friends, when warres riſe ſay kings ſhould neuer breath,
Princes in neede men of regard imploy.
To this iuſt action loyall friends be mou'd,
The firmeſt faith in danger great is prou'd.

THus hath this Lord as with a touch-ſtone tride,
The courage of his countrey-men and loue:
The voyce of all is on warres, warres they cride,
The Princes vertues do the ſubiectes moue,
Dangers and perils eminent to proue.
The noble Earle with ſpeede purſues his fate,
Delay brings danger to the ſureſt ſtate.

When Fame reported this to *Edwards* eare,
Hope vanquiſht feare and gaue encouragement:
To ſee them firme who euer faithfull were.
Then to Lord *Stafford*, *Southwike* Earle he ſent,
To muſter all his friends incontinent:
Then gaue he ioynt commiſſion to theſe twaine,
As equalles when they came in Campe to raigne,

Thus

Thus these two Captaines as those two of yore,
VVhen *Romes* selected youth in *Cannas* bled,
Equall in power, but not in Iudgements store,
As *Varro*, *Stafford* from the battell fled,
As *Paulus*, so renowmed *Pembrooke* sped.
Thus Lord-like stout *Æmilius* forth doth goe,
To chase the pride of his rebellious foe.

Stafford and hee weake staffe to leane vpon,
No *Stafford* he, nor sprung from *Buckingham*,
Nor let that name so base a man bemoane,
His cowardize escandalizde his fame,
Lassiuious lust did explaiten his shame.
These two to *Banbary* with Armies bend,
Thence *Stafford* fled, there *Herberts* life did end.

There might you see a troope of warlike men,
Conducted by the glories of their Clyme:
Vnworthy I, with my vnworthy pen,
To æternize in Layes vndecent Rime,
Their memories, which liue in spight of time.
These two as *Fabius* and *Marcellus* weare,
Romes guarding target and offending speare.

Richard was valorous, but his brother wise,
Youth made him forward, age the other stayde:
Richard for action, *Pembrooke* for aduise,
If both their worths were in a ballance wayde,
Neither should Fates partialitie vprayde,
The differences betweene these brothers are,
One peace affected most, the other warre.

There

There might you ſee the Champions of the Beare,
Mounted on luſtie Courſers, ſcoure the plaine:
There might you ſee the ſonne of *Latimer*,
With raſhneſſe charge, with feare returne and ſlaine.
They neuer feare, who neuer feeled paine.
There might you ſee, O I am greeu'd to ſay,
What yeares confirm'd, conſumed in a day.

There might you ſee that worthy man of men,
Richard with his victorious ſword in hand,
Like a fierce Lyon paſſing from his den,
Or ſome ſterne Boare, whoſe anger plowes the land,
Securely paſſe through euery conquer'd band.
As a round bullet from a Canon ſent,
This Knight alone through fortie thouſand went.

And backe return'd to his amazed traine,
But more enraged with anger then before:
Begins to kill, where he before had ſlaine,
Like a cloſe myzer he augments his ſtore,
The more he ſlaies, to ſlaie he loues the more,
All this thou didſt, what latter age can tell,
Of one that better did, or halfe ſo well.

Thus like *Alcides* all compoſde of ire,
Whoſe fiery lights ſhut ſparkes of fortitude:
This Champion doth to greater deeds aſpire,
Still preſſing on the *Hydra* multitude,
Till like to ſheepe they fled in order rude.
Then to his Tent with tryumph he doth goe,
Valure doth loue to ſpoile, not chaſe the foe.

But ſee vnconſtant chance, and ſeeing weepe,
For euery word requires a ſiluer teare:
Whiles careleſſe victory did ſweetly ſleepe,
And conqueſt by deſert did honour weare,
(VVhen moſt we liue ſecure, we moſt ſhould feare)
Sixe hundred men conducted by a Squire,
Made thoſe that chaſſe with praiſe, with ſhame retire.

But ere that theſe confuſed warriours fled,
Whom vnexpected horror did amaze:
They ſold their liues for liues ere they were dead,
Their conquering blood their honors did emblaze,
But all were not deriued from one race.
Some Stallions in a field, ſome Aſſes bee,
And ſo of men there be, of each degree.

Richard thou canſt not mount thy ſteed and flye,
Nor thou great Lord experience makes thee ſtay,
To feare the name of death is worſe then dye:
But men borne baſe, a baſer word will ſay,
I care not how I ſcape ſo liue I may.
Ye ſlaues to feare whom I abhorre to ſee,
That loue life more, then praiſe or honeſtie.

Still do they ſtriue till that vnnumbred preſſe
Like Bees of *Hybla* ſwarmed euery where:
Courage in danger doth it ſelfe expreſſe.
Submiſsion to a Lyon breeds but feare,
But rauenous beaſts their proſtrate ſubiects teare:
By ſuch great *Richard* falls, and *Pembrooke* dies,
Conquering twiſe twentie thouſand enemies.

Mount

Mount ſacred ſpirits with cleare conſcience wings
To the ninth heauen whereas your glorious eye
May gaze on the immortall king of kings:
Liue you in peace, but we in miſery,
Man cannot happie be before he dye.
Vnto your glorious tombes I ſacrifice,
Theſe diſmall Anthems and ſad Elegies.

CEaſe mournfull Muſe, to chaunt theſe Ciuil broiles,
Vnciuill warres, and ſence-amizing times:
Brothers by brothers ſpoild, vnnaturall ſpoiles,
The guilt whereof to *Iones* tribunall climes,
Oh ſubiect fit for *Thaban Statius* rimes.
All warres are bad, but finall end doth tell,
Inteſtine warres all other warres excell.

Witneſſe the ſame the Macedinian downe,
When *Pompey* did the Senates cauſe defend,
And *Caſar* ſought the worlds Imperiall Crowne:
Witneſſe *Philippes* and *Antonius* end,
Milde *Othos* death which Authors ſo commend.
Richard now riſeth at his Nephewes fall, Richard 3.
A conſcience cleare is like a brazen wall.

Now Englands *Troians* ſprung from *Troians* race,
Doth *Oxford* helpe and *Darbies* aide implore,
Froth-faced *Neptune* with his trident mace
Doth guide his Argoſies to *Milfords* ſhoare,
At *Boſworth* field he ſlaies the tusked Boare. The battle of Boſworth.
Leiceſtrian Dales their crimſon goare did fill,
A ſcarlet ſtreame from *Richard* did diſtill.

Cheiney thy armes and ſinewes are not ſtrong
Enough to match with *Albions* martiall king:
Brandon thou doſt thy youthfull vigor wrong,
To combat him who to the field did bring
Thoſe cruell parts which *Colingbourne* did ſing.
Now conſolations wings doth reare my minde,
To ſhew his praiſe, who ſprang from *Priams* kinde.

Henry. 7.

Great Impe of kings, heroicke *Theodore*,
Englands *Auguſtus*, famous Prince of peace,
Great Treaſurer of ſacred Vertues ſtore,
Eden of pleaſure, which didſt all men pleaſe,
Comfort of *Albion*, and thy Countries eaſe:
From the foure golden Fountaines did ariſe
Like vnto thoſe that ſprang from Paradiſe.

Arthur.
Henry.
Margaret.
Mary.

Oh that I had all wittes excelling witte,
To eternallize thy deeds immortall king:
My pen thy trophies ſhould, and tryumphes writte,
The triple lauor of this round ſhould ring
VVith thy great name, which my great muſe ſhould ſing.
But ſince that Nature did the ſame denie,
Accept my will, ætheriall dietie.

Elizabeth eldeſt daughter to Edw. the 4. was maried to Henr. the 7. by which mariage the both houſes of Yorke and Lancaſter ſo long ſeuered wer vnited

Elizabeth, O Princely perfect name,
Combinde with thee, oh cheerfull cordiall knot:
No priuate quarell could white *Albion* fame:
VVith blood and rapine fierce diſſention blot,
Fury it ſelfe, within it ſelfe did rot.
Two parted Roſes which ſo long did ſtriue,
Grew on one ſtalke, and both began to thriue.

From

From that faire ſtalke great *Arthur* firſt did riſe,
Arthur who matcht with *Caſtiles Katherine*,
Childleſſe he dide, and death he did deſpiſe,
His body was intombde in gorgeous ſerine,
His ſoule aſcended, for it was diuine.
Henry then Prince and heire apparant was,
Henry which did all former *Henries* paſſe.

The ſnow-white *Cliffes* which *Albion* do confine, *Henry 8.*
Whoſe ſubiect ſands are deckt with *Margarites*:
Clearer then is the cleareſt Chriſtaline,
The towring waues, which rule the narrow ſtreights,
Which do adumbrate ſleepy rockes deceits,
Could not debarre his thoughts, but he did goe
To conquer *France*, and *Englands* greateſt foe.

Wolſey then liu'd, high minded worthy Clarke, Chriſt Chur
VVhich did erect thoſe glorious Towres of yore: in Oxford.
Learnings receptacle, Religions parke,
Oh that ſome Eagle-mounting thought would ſoare
To finiſh that which he began before.
Oh that ſome Prince (for none but Princes can)
VVould perfect that, that excellent worke of man.

The ſiluer *Iſis* and the gliding *Thame*,
Whoſe billowes reſalute the verdant ſtrand,
Should warble *Paans* to his mightie name,
The leaden age is paſt which rulde the land,
Saturne is come, and *Saturne* doth command:
VVhoſe hopes were dead, rich ſtudents neuer feare,
(Moſt rich in hope) ſome will your turrets reare.

Nurſe of ingenious ſpirits *Athens* praiſe,
Chiefe benefactor of what ere is mine:
O might I ſee ſome mightie Monarch raiſe
Thoſe halfe built walles and parted towres combine,
Then Chriſt might yet be iuſtly tearmed thine:
As Chriſt is beſt, ſo ſhould his houſes bee,
And in perfection haue a ſympathie.

Edward 6. *Henries* triumphant carkaſſe laid in graue,
Couered with gold in *Cæſars* ancient towre:
Edward ſucceeds, a Prince though yong, yet graue,
The ſkye which whilome ſmilde begins to lowre,
And ſhowres of ſorrow on the land to powre.
He endes his life before it ſcarce began,
What is more ſhort then ſhorteſt life of man.

When nature fram'd this Prince, oh goodly creature,
Compoſ'd of pure and elementall fire:
Turnd in a heauenly mowld diuineſt feature,
She ſaw her ſelfe deceiu'd, and wroth with ire,
When life began, his end ſhe did deſire.
What enuie ſo could thee proud Nature ſting,
Nothing ſhould make and marre the ſelfe ſame thing.

The Gods did enuie mans felicitie,
And therfore did to Nature condeſcend:
That this yong King, great King of Maieſtie,
In ſixteene yeares his vitall courſe ſhould ſpend,
His life hath end, and all our ioyes haue end.
Nature doth haſten to the houſe of death,
And ſhee conſents to ſteale away his breath.

Queene Mary married with Phillip Prince of Spayne. Now *Spayne* and *England* ioynes, that peace I loue,
That concord doth augment the common ſtate:
Pray God it doth both firme and faithfull proue,

But for to match with *Spayne*, oh cruell fate,
Could *Mary* ſo her countrey ruinate?
Guiltleſſe ſhee was, but thoſe that made the match,
Vnder their wings did egges of Serpents hatch.

Oh now me thinkes I could in diſmall blacke
Shadow my lookes, and neuer wiſh the light:
Writing red lines of blood, more blacke then blacke,
The maſſacres of mans amazing ſight,
After theſe duskie cloudes comes cleareſt light.
Mary is dead, *Elizabeth* doth raigne,
Her conſcience cleare, no corasiue could ſtaine.

The loſſe of Elizabeth.

FAire Virgin, Empreſſe, royall Princely maide,
Sprung from the Damaske Roſe the Roſes bud:
Tis true as truth it ſelfe which men haue ſaide,
The end is beſt, though all the meanes be good,
She was the laſt and beſt of *Henries* blood.
Henry did well in all, excell in this,
In getting of this Maide, our greateſt bliſſe.

He vanquiſht *Bolleine*, and ſtrong *Turnus* towne,
And rode in tryumph through the Engliſh Pale:
Placing the Diademe of *France*, that regall Crowne,
Vpon his ſiſters temples; and withall
Made the twelue Peeres to feare their finall fall:
But what of theſe? If *Bullain* had not bin,
We all had liu'd for aye in endles ſin.

Aſtronomers did dreame and fondly ſaide,
That twelue deſigned ſignes did rule a Spheare:
Virgo did guide the earth, oh heauenly Maide;
But now ſky-teachers wiſe men neuer feare,
To ſay ſhe is in heauen, for ſure ſhees there.
Oh ſhe is gone, with her our pleaſures fled,
They liu'd in her, they dide when ſhe was dead.

Bright Gem of honor, *Albions* glorious ſtarre,
The Cynoſure of *Englands* Hemiſpheare:
Princeſſe of peace, *Cytherian* queene of warre,
Rides through the cloudes on her cæleſtiall beare,
Conquering deathes Ebon dart and ſharpeſt ſpeare.
Fathers of peace put on triumphant weedes,
A gratious King, a gratious Queene ſucceedes.

Reaſons firſt founder, Natures eldeſt ſonne,
The *Stoikes* prince did alſo erre in this:
Repugnant natures neuer raigne in one,
Perfect my griefe, more perfect is my blis,
I ſmile with ioy, yet teares my cheekes do kiſſe.
A preſent ſalue hath cured a penſiue ſore,
Britaine is now, what *Britaine* was of yore.

The wandring *Brute*, who ſprang from *Priams* kinde,
Though artleſſe men with their malignant muſe:
Still bearing burning enuie in their minde,
Britaines firſt Monarch warlike *Brute* abuſe,
Of all the Northern world, this Iſle did chuſe.
With fire and ſword he did obtaine his ſute
With peace and ioy we chuſe a ſecond *Brute*.

Peace, valure, learning, ſcience hee did bring,
Thou feare of God, whom thou doeſt onely feare:
Imperiall Monarche, truth and concordes King,
No champion then did weild his fruitleſſe ſpeare,
No chaine did tye the milde vntamed Beare.
Saturne then liued, no *Sinon* did amiſſe,
All men were free, (no ſlaue by Nature is.

Oh

Oh ſacred age, and bleſſ'd times of yore,
When iuſt *Aſtrea* rul'd this circled plaine:
Then each man liu'd alike, and liu'd withſtore,
No *Perſian* blood did *Salamina* ſtayne,
No *Vandals Rome*, nor *Romane* gouernd *Spayne*.
No *Cannas* chaunce did cauſe *Saturnia* mourne,
No ſenceleſſe *Nero* wiſht new *Troy* to burne.

No *Manlius* ſought a Diademe to gaine,
No iuſt *Papirius* ſude for *Fabius* bloud:
Claudius as then did not *Virginia* ſtayne,
No Conſulls fell at *Alias* flaming flood,
Red *Charea* was not dewde with *Fabys* blood.
Albans and *Romanes* knew no ſingle fight,
Saffetius did not yeeld to *Martius* might.

The vnſpotted ſpowſe of martiall *Collatine*,
Did not conſent to *Sextus* lawleſſe luſt:
Each virgin was ybound with *Veſtas* line,
Camillus needed not the *Ardeans* truſt,
Nor *Scevola* his hand in flames to thruſt.
But ſee, oh ſee how age doth follow age,
VVorſe after worſe, as Actors on a ſtage.

Thrice happy *Britaine*, ſtrong vnited Ile,
Disioynted was by her firſt monarches fall:
Then *Albanact* was ſlaine by *Humbers* guile,
Caſar then conquer'd it, who conquered all,
Hunes, Pictes and Danes tryumph't in *Britaines* fal.
Vaile ſorrowes roabes, *Ioues* father comes againe,
The golden age begins with *Iacobs* raigne.

The Lords great *Stuart*, *Albions* mightie King,
Our ſecond *Brute* like to the morning ſtarre,
To Englands Court doth light of comfort bring,
Now Concords boult doth *Ianus* temple barre,
Binding in chaines the ſterneſt god of warre.
Vertue and valour triumph euermore,
Auguſtus liues adornd with *Craſſus* ſtore.

TO THE MAIESTIE OF King *Iames*, Monarch of all *Britayne*.

Iames the 1. of England, and 6. of Scodand.

ALl haile great Monarch of the greateſt Ile,
The Northerne worlds vnited lawfull King,
Pardon my rudeſt reede vndecent ſtile,
Though I want ſkill in thy new Empires ſpring,
Yet doe I loue, and will thy prayſes ſing.
Me thinkes I do on *Clarot* kingdome ſtand,
No maruaile, for *Apollo* rules the land.

On true obedience knee I pardon aske
Of thy diuine heroicke Maieſtie,
It was thy merites great impos'd this taske
On my weake pen, badge of infirmitie,
Too weake indeede to prayſe thy excellency.
Each *Cherrils* muſe doth now ſalute thy grace,
Shall I alone be mute and hide my face?

Mare

Maro extold *Auguſtus* peacefull daies,
The *Liricke* Poet ſung *Mecenas* fame:
Ennius did *Scipio Affricanus* praiſe,
If all they liu'd and ſaw thy ſacred name,
Each verſe they made ſhould ſure containe the ſame.
But if they reade thy gift, oh Princely worke! *Baſilicon Doron.*
For ſhame they would in vntrode deſarts lurke.

If *Englands* Load-ſtarre pride of Poeſie, *Chaucer, ſo called by M. Camden.*
Could the firme Centers regiment tranſpearſe:
And formalize his peerleſſe ingeny,
Thy all-ſurpaſſing vertues to rehearſe,
A Princely matter fitts a princely verſe:
Yet were his wit too weake thy deeds to praiſe,
Which brought vs ioyes, in our moſt mournfull daies.

Could *Lidgat* paſſe the tower of *Proſerpine*,
And like to *Virbius* liue a double age,
Penning thy Trophies in a golden skrine,
Yet could he not thy merits equipage,
Admiring moſt would vſe a tapinage,
Boechas and *Gowre*, the *Virgils* of their time,
Could not vnfold thy prayſe in antique rime.

If theſe foure Poets liu'd like Lions foure,
They ſhould thy famous Coach of glory drawe
From Vertues temple, to true honours towre,
Each ſhould a kingdome haue, thy foes ſhould know
Thy might, and feare their finall ouerthrow.
But what ſhould muſes ſing? the world doth ſee,
And ſeeing, feares vnited *Britany*.

Still liuing *Sidney*, *Cæsar* of our land,
Whose neuer daunted valure princely minde,
Imbellished with Art and Conquests hand,
Did expleiten his high aspiring kinde,
(An Eagles hart in Crowes we cannot finde.)
If thou couldst liue and purchase *Orpheus* quill,
Our Monarches merits would exceed thy skill.

Albions Maeonian, *Homer* natures pride,
Spenser the Muses sonne and sole delight:
If thou couldst through *Dianas* kingdome glide,
Passing the Palace of infernall night,
(The Sentinels that keepes thee from the light)
Yet couldst thou not his retchlesse worth comprise,
Whose minde containes a thousand purities.

What fatall chance is this, and luckless fate,
That none can aptly sing thy glorious prayse,
And tell the happinesse of Englands state,
O barren time, and temporizing dayes,
Fowle Ignorance on sacred Learning prayes.
But now I doe a Diapazon see,
None but thy selfe (great King) can sing of thee.

Philip Aristotle
That *Macedonian* starre, first Prince of *Greece*,
Sent for that wandring learned Stagirite,
To teach his Sonne knowledge of knowledges:
His sword was keene, his sense could ill indite:
Thy sworde is sharpe, and who can better write?
He had another to instruct his sonne,
What he by others did, thy selfe hath done.

Some

Some *Caſar* deemde the happieſt mortall wight,
That breath'd the ayre, or did aſcend the skye,
For conquering *Scipios* force, and *Pompeis* might,
Some did *Auguſtus* iudge more happy, why?
Becauſe the vanquiſht *Ægypts Anhtony*,
Romes holy Prince, ſaid *Nerua* did ſurpaſſe,
For leauing ſuch a ſonne as *Traian* was.

If thoſe olde Wiſards which of yore did ſing,
Read with impartiall eyes thy peerleſſe deeds,
(Great Prince of warre, of peace thrice happie King)
Concord ſhould reconçile their ſtriuing reeds,
And cenſures ioyne, which cenſures enuy breeds.
Caſars acts, *Auguſtus* peace, good *Nernas* kinde,
In thee alone, in none but thee we finde.

The ſiluer Moone plac'd in her circle round,
At her encreaſe, her equall diſtant hornes
Vpwards aſcends, as ſcorning abiect ground,
So when the worlds great honour firſt was borne,
That fayre ariſing Sunne, cleere faced morne,
Her mounting thoughts did to the heauens Towre,
Scorning the earth, or any terrene Bowre.

But when that Virgins Goddeſſe doth decreaſe,
Her picked forkes their courſe to *Terra* bend:
So when our Englands *Lunas* light did ceaſe,
The Artike Clime an Vnicorne did ſend,
VVhoſe radiant luſture, night ſhall neuer end:
Phœbes cleere light ſeemes darke, whilſt he doth ſhine
He borrowes perfect light of God diuine.

Thoſe that do reade the ſecrets of the skie,
Whoſe iudgement is in heauen conuerſant:
Which portraiture the ſignes in heauenly die
Might aſſeuere that *Virgo* was on high,
I ſawe a ſtarre of late from heauen flie:
Why cannot this ſtarre then faire *Virgo* bee?
A ſtarre more chaſte I thinke we cannot ſee.

O now my thoughts can diue into the deepe,
Our all ſhips guiding ſtarre was fixed there:
And when *Eliza* did with honor ſleepe,
Mounted vpon her praiſe deſeruing beare,
She did obtaine of him ſhe lou'd ſo deare,
That ſhe might haue his ſeate, he rule the land
Which ſhe of late as Empreſſe did commaund.

The Anatomizers of our learned daies,
Affirme that *Virgo* do the belly guide:
No wonder then that *Albions* wondrous praiſe,
That Virgin Queene which here on earth did bide
So nouriſht each poore hunger-bitten ſide.
Now ſhe is dead, oh who will them reliue?
The preſent ſtarre doth preſent comfort giue.

I heard an aged woman often ſay,
That ſhe did ſee a ſtarre from heauen deſcend:
Which was as true me thought, as trees did bray:
For ſhe alledg'd the ſame, and did commend
A certaine Crowe, whoſe wit ſhe did defend.
Pardon me Age, for now mine eyes do ſee
A ſtarre on earth, more bright than ſtarre can bee.

To

To whom ſhall I this Northerne ſtarre compare:
To *Caſar* which did firſt ſubdue the ſtate:
To *Horſus* who no limbe of Chriſt did ſpare,
Damming his ſoule this land to ruinate,
Great *Williams* conqueſt and the Normanes hate.
Thus doth my Muſe all wanting art begin,
To ſing thy vertues, and to ſhewe their ſin.

Caſar was twice repulſt ere he could ſee
This litle world from all the world remote:
Before we ſawe thy face we ſent to thee,
As to a Pilot for to guide our boate:
Which did in Seas of ſuddaine ſorrow floate.
He loſt his ſword before he conqueſt wan,
We yeeld thee all our hearts, and all we can.

Horſus by cruell tyrant trechery,
Subdude *Ambroſius* that wiſe Prince of peace:
Witneſſe the hidden kniues at *Salisbury*,
He trauaile brought, but thou doeſt bring vs eaſe,
Thy true deſcent makes greedy warres to ceaſe.
A Wolfe poſſeſt his heart, a Lyon thine,
He worſe then man, thou better more diuine.

William was fierce in warre, and ſo art thou:
In counſell ſage, thou doeſt him æqualize:
His ſword forc't foes their trembling knees to bowe,
Thou conquerſt hearts, by thy hearts winning eyes
By force he wan, by merits thou doeſt riſe.
He brought ſubiection, thou doeſt freedome bring,
He loued warre, but thou of peace art King.

Rufus

A Propheſie of Cadwallader

Ruſus was rude, thou ciuill, gentle, kinde:
He was auſtere, thy browes hath mercies frowne:
He had a *Neros* hart, thou *Caſars* minde:
He hunting lou'd, for pleaſure tumbled downe
Many a Caſtle fayre, and ſtately Towne:
Thou lou'ſt the chaſe, yet Cities doeſt adorne,
Thou wert for all the worlds great profit borne.

Henry was grac't with artes, thou doeſt excell:
Children did bleſſe his age, but ſoone did dye:
Children thou haſt in health and perfect well,
(God proſper them with pure proſperitie,)
Adorne their harts with louing pietie:
He was a worthy King, thou worthier farre,
Thou art our Northerne-Pole, harts-guiding ſtarre.

Soare humble thoughts, and let my abiect pen
Touch the high mounted *Artike* Northerne ſtarre,
And there compare this man excelling men:
VVe ſhould compare the things that equall are,
And who is like this light, this lampe, this ſtarre?
Mine eyes diſtill ſweete teares, the teares of ioy,
To ſee *Troyes* iſſue raigne in new found *Troy*.

Let *Barland* ceaſe to write of wiſeſt Kings,
And *Melliſicius* with his tuned voyce,
From whoſe ſweet tong ſprang learnings ſweeteſt ſprings,
Sing not of *Perſians* prayſe, or *Caldeans* ioyes,
The *Grecians* Emperour, *Europs* worthieſt choyce.
Theſe three combinde, each ſought the others fall,
Britaine is ioynd, and Concord guides it all.

When *Alexander* ſawe that precious ſtone,
Vnder whoſe Iſye wings *Achilles* lay,
Shedding ambitious teares, he ſaid with mone,

Vnhappy

Vnhappy I, and ten times happy they,
Whoſe enſignes prayſe, ſweet *Homer* did diſplay:
Then happy art thou King, whoſe raigne wee ſee
Homer doth ſing thy prayſe, for thou art hee.

The Maieſtie of *Marius* fearefull face
Did terrifie the *Cymbrians* crauen minde:
Though he were armde with *Clothos* fatall mace,
And ſolemne oath to murther did him binde,
A wandring *Bucke* did feare the *Eagles* kinde:
So did thy Princely lookes and grace of God
Protect thy iſſue from a *Traytors* rod.

Now doth my Ship in plenties Ocean ſayle,
Puſht with a pleaſant gale of pleaſures winde:
But ſtay I here an enuious Momiſt rayle,
Thy toothleſſe threate doth not amaze my minde,
Barke, for thou canſt not bite, I ſcorne thy kinde,
That which I wrire, I reade, and both are true,
I dare not, nor I will not tell what will enſue.

My hope is good that we ſhall happy bee,
Hopeleſſe our foes, they feare, we ſtill ſecure:
We peace, they warre: Ye endleſſe peace ſhall ſee,
We plenty haue, they pouerty endure,
Religion we ſincere, but they impure.
They liuing ſeeme to dye, we dying gaine
To liue with Saints in *Paradiſus* plaine.

What ſaid the learned, thoſe that learning loue,
If cauſes periſh, then effects decay,
Pray for the cauſe, yea, pray to God aboue
That he may long the *Albion* Scepter ſway,
Who ſhinde like *Sol* in our *Cimmerian* day.
Liue, and liue long, great King, liue many dayes,
Vſe that fayre *Theame*, *Be as thou art alwayes.*

FINIS.

TO THE WORTHY AND

Honourable Gentleman Sir Philip Harbert, Knight of the moſt Noble Order of the Bathe.

THe ſecond time doth my vnworthy muſe
Salute thy milde aſpect thriſe noble Knight,
Let gracious cenſure his defects peruſe,
Whoſe Genius *waites on thy heroicke ſpright,*
Whoſe loue and life are bent to honour thee:
And whileſt breath laſteth vſe both them and mee.

Theſe Poems which my infant labours ſend
As meſſengers of dutie to thine eares,
Are of ſmall value, but if nature lend
Some perfect dayes to my vnripened yeares,
My pen ſhall vſe a more inducious vaine,
And ſing thy glory in a higher ſtraine.

Your Honours
at commaund.

William Harbert.

TO

TO THE IVDICIOVS Reader.

I Which in bloudy warres haue ſteep'd my pen,
Whoſe Muſe the paſſing bell of peace did wring,
And how the world did looſe a world of men,
Now chuſe to touch a more concordant ſtring,
My Prince his prayſe, whoſe prayſe Ile euer ſing.
Tis no mechanicke hope of hired gaine
That mou'd my minde theſe labours to ſuſtaine.

No, that ignoble baſeneſſe I abiure,
It was the loue I euer bare the place
Where firſt I breathed life did me allure,
In pleaſant paines for to conſume a ſpace,
And her to prayſe, though with mine owne diſgrace:
With my diſgrace, why? though my verſe be ill,
I do not doubt to pleaſe the good with will.

To thee Iudicious Reader do I ſend
Theſe fruites of youth, tis thee I hope to pleaſe:
If that my muſe the ignorant offend,
No lines of mine their fury ſhall appeaſe,
I ſet iuſt warre before an vniuſt peace,
I rayle not I, though I with Plato *ſay,*
To pleaſe the wiſe, muſt bee the wiſeſt way.

A Poeme to the yong Prince.

THe lotted ſeruant to thy Infant age,
Thrice glorious iſſue of a gracious King,
Leaſt that her twelue-monthes fearefull tapynage,
Ingratitude ſuſpect to thee ſhould bring,
Me, though vnworthy, choſe thy prayſe to ſing.
Her mourning garments ſhe hath caſt aſide,
And hopes ere long to entertaine her Bride.

The Cleargie with the Barons borrowed light,
Is now obſcured by thy tranſplendant ſhine:
The Rochet nor the Border hath no right
To rule, but that which doth from thee decline,
She ioyes and glories to be onely thine:
Shee deemes it honour, count it no diſpraiſe
For thee with her to ſpend thy yonger dayes.

No matchles *Machauil*, nor *Arietine*,
Doth her plaine meaning breaſt with enuy breede,
Her wits do moderne ſeeme, and not diuine,
Loyall her loue, though lowly is her weede,
A ſympathie there is of word and deede:
Such as theſe are, in *Wales* thine eyes ſhall ſee,
Thouſands that will both liue and dye with thee.

O was ſhe euer falſe, vntrue, vnkinde?
Since her obedience did augment thy ſtile?
Or ſince the parted Roſes were combinde,
Did euer rebels blood her breſt defile?
Or did ſhe euer Englands hopes beguile?
Witneſſe the world, and thoſe that liue therein,
Her ſpotleſſe ſoule did neuer taſte that ſin.

Search

Search Truthes Records, not times illuding lines,
Then ſhall thy Princely thoughts and eyes be fed
With the ſtrange wonders of thoſe warlike times,
When thy great Grandſyres made our channels red
With blood of thoſe that on our ſhoares laie dead.
Teaching great *Ceſar* how to runne away,
That neuer knew to flye before that day.

Ten yeares did *Rome* and all the world admire,
For all the world and *Rome* ten yeares did feare
The luſture of thy Bekons ſet on fire,
Great *Odoniſis* King, *Charactaker*,
Whoſe endleſſe worth my worthleſſe Muſe ſhall reare
To that bright Spheare where honor doth remaine,
She loues thee dead, thy life her loue did gaine.

VVhat honor or what glory didſt thou win
VVith the earthes ſtrength to conquer but an Ile,
Maiſter of the worlds miſtres, mightie King!,
Only this grac'd the greatnes of thy ſhile,
Claudius with blood did not his hands defile.
This triumph *Rome* did thee as highly grace,
As when by *Scipio Affrique* conquered was.

How many Legions *Ceſar* didſt thou ſend?
How many Conſuls did returne of thine,
VVhich ſought what others marr'd, by warres to mend?
How many Emperours *Britaine* did repine,
To ſee thy honor riſe, their praiſe decline.
Let *Tacitus* vnto the world declare,
No land ſaue *Rome* might with this land compare.

I know yong Prince, and am agreeu'd to see
The leeuy'd lookes of squint-eyde *Theonus*:
Who saies this fault is proper vnto mee,
To iudge all others base our selues diuine,
No enuious *Momist* tis no fault of mine:
That some are so, I must confesse tis true,
All are not bad of vs, nor good of you.

The mellow fields haue tares as well as corne,
And thistles grow amidst the greenest grasse:
An *Anacharse* in *Tartary* was borne,
Vertue and vice do meete in euery place,
Clodius in *Rome* as well as *Milo* was.
Both good and bad in euery land we see,
And so are you, if of a land ye bee.

Curbe the malignant pride of enuies rage,
And checke the stubborne stomackes of disdaine,
These penny Poets of our brazen stage
Which alwayes wish, O let them with in vaine,
With *Rossius* gate thy gouernment to staine,
Make them more milde, or be thou more austere,
Tis vertue, vnto vice to be seuere.

I speake not this vnto the learned wise,
For them I loue, because the truth they loue:
Tis the bleard iudgement of seditious eyes,
That doth my muse and my affection moue,
A most vnwilling Satirist to proue:
Nature hath made me milde, but these hard men
Turn'd my soft quill into a brazen pen.

A Poeme to the yong Prince.

Play not the Satyr peace affecting muſe,
I doubt not but their conſcience will prouoke
Theſe Luciliſts their follies to refuſe,
And make them ſoft, though they were hard as oke,
Conſcience makes bad men good, ſo wiſe men ſpoke.
I leaue them to their ſpurres, my muſe ſhall flye
Vnto that Sphere where enuy dares not prye.

Vnto that *S*phere whoſe circuit doth containe
The neuer ſpotted eſſence of his ſoule,
Whoſe ſacred intellect no worldly ſtaine
Could with deſires rebelling aide controule:
This guilded *S*phere is like a golden boule,
Which many leſſer mazers doth containe,
*S*o many vertues in this one do raigne.

Why parriall nature ſtepdame to my birth,
Ye mixed elements affections ſlaues,
VVhy did ye frame this veſſell but of earth?
An equall matter to the dead mens graues,
And ioynd thereto a ſpirt like the waues:
Low as the earth although my *Genius* be,
Yet doth it touch skye threatning Maieſtie.

O were my wit but equall to my will,
VVere I as wiſe as I am ignorant,
Here were a place that would deſerue my skill,
Had I as great experience as I want,
Then would I in a booke of Adamant,
And Inke compoz'd by water made of golde,
VVith pens of Diamond thy prayſe vnfolde.

Let

Let Iuſtice rule the organ of thy ſpeech,
And Clemency adorne thy Princely browe:
Vnto thine eares long abſent patience teach,
By theſe which good men wiſh, let all men knowe,
None but thy ſelfe, thy ſelfe can ouerthrowe.
Let pittie check the rod when we offend,
That makes the good more good, the bad to mend.

I witneſſe call the ſeuen hilled Queene,
How we obey'd, when Lawes obey'd were:
And ſhall not we be now as we haue bene?
Feare made vs then vnnaturall bondage beare,
VVe now ſecurely liue, and cannot feare.
Doubt not thereof, but come experience haue,
VVe loue to ſerue, but loathe the name of ſlaue.

Cornelius Tacitus in the life of Agrippa.

Our gazing expectation longes to ſee
The true admired Image of thy Syre:
Which Nature hath ſo rightly grau'd in thee:
As Phiſicke cauſes ſeem'd, they did conſpire
To ſhape the like to him whom all admire.
So *Sions* ſacred ſinger *Dauid* ſaies,
Good trees bring forth good fruit, good fruit alwaies.

Do not ſweete Sallets ſpring from ſoundeſt ſeed?
And is not man like God, which man did make?
Can bad effects from cauſes good proceed?
Do we ſee fruite on any withered ſtake?
Or do we ſee in ſea a buſh or brake?
How canſt thou then not good and perfect bee,
That wert engraft on ſuch a goodly tree?

FINIS.